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ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



**EXTRADITE THE ANARCHISTS! — THE SOONER THE BETTER!**  
It would Suit the Czar, Uncle Sam, and the Honest American Laborer.



PUCK,  
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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ONCE IN EVERY FOUR YEARS, the American nation goes mad. The time has come for electing a chief magistrate. It is, of course, of vast importance to the whole country that a wise, honest, courageous, devoted man should be secured for the highest administrative office. Everybody admits this—nay, proclaims it with enthusiasm. And this is the way we sensible Americans of the Nineteenth Century go about the business of securing the man. We are divided unalterably, it seems, into two classes—Republican and Democratic. Why we should be thus severed and opposed no one can tell very clearly. The best explanation that can be given traces the separation back to a time of discord in the last generation when all people were obliged to take sides upon the question of the abolition of negro slavery. Although the abolition was effected some twenty-four years ago, the people who then took sides, their children and their children's children are still bound, by some mysterious code of politics, to remain within their respective party lines, and to call themselves Republican or Democratic, as the case may be. And the Republican must oppose the Democrat in everything that he does, and the Democrat must find everything bad and foolish that the Republican admires.

Thus classified, we enter into a contest to see which party can, by sheer strength of numbers, elect its presidential candidate. First, naturally, the candidate must be found. One party calls a "convention." From all quarters of the country men who have no other business to attend to flock to the place designated, each one of them supposed to "represent" a constituency of voters, and almost every one pledged to support the claims of some special candidate for the candidacy. Then the deliberations commence. The merits of each candidate are eloquently presented to the assemblage. As they are all superlatively good and great, their goodness and greatness are not considered in the subsequent discussion. One is selected, finally, after a fierce struggle, because he is "magnetic" or "lucky," or because he has a peculiar popularity with this or that class of voters, or in this or that part of the country. The nomination is then declared unanimous, and the convention adjourns with a whoop. Then the other party has its convention, and goes through the same routine. Then the party lines are drawn, and the fight begins and lasts for five or six months. The rules of war are amazingly simple, and the tactics are the same on both sides. Each party declares, through its newspapers and its orators, that its own candidate is the greatest, purest, wisest and best man, statesman and patriot that the country has ever seen, Washington and Lincoln possibly excepted, and that the candidate of the other party is false, treacherous, ignorant, incompetent, animated by the basest motives, and with a character deformed by every vice known to history. And every private citizen in the party must take precisely the same stand, and must advance these ideas on every possible occasion. If his neighbor and best friend belongs to the opposite party, the two of them must wrangle it out upon this basis. Of course, each one knows that neither candidate is so good as his friends or so bad as his enemies paint him, and that the country will go on and prosper whichever of them be chosen; but this is a political campaign, and he must put his common sense in his pocket, and cry out that his man is a demigod and that the other man's man is a devil, or he will be denounced as a traitor to his party. After nearly half a year of this wrangling, during which time business is practically at a standstill, the general election takes place. The voters of the country being pretty evenly divided between the two parties, the result is really decided by that minority which, from motives honorable or dishonorable, decides to disregard party fealty and to cast what may be called the unexpected vote. This occurs in November. Before the inauguration in March of the ensuing year, the excitement has wholly subsided, the citizens, who were shaking their fists in each other's faces are friends again, and the President-elect is neither a demigod nor a devil; but simply a man, to be judged, for good or evil, as other men are judged. And the nation still holds together, buys and sells, collects its taxes, and calls itself the United States of America.

This is a fair description of any presidential campaign that has been fought since the war and before 1884. In that year a change began. The

extravagance of this system—if we may call it a system—culminated in the nomination by the Republican party of a man who had used public office as a means of private money-making, and had shaped legislation for the benefit of a corporation from which he subsequently demanded compensation. This was a little too much for some of the more independent members of the party, and they refused to support a candidacy which they considered discreditable. When the Democratic party, a little later, nominated a man of unquestionable integrity of character and motive, they determined to help actively in assuring his election, and they did succeed in placing him in the presidential chair.

These men, many of them young, all of them deeply in earnest, began, we sincerely believe, a new era in American politics. They were reviled and denounced by the papers of their own party. They were called traitors, turn-coats, miscreants, cut-throats, and everything else that is bad. Indeed, to cast the last obloquy of infamy upon them, they were told that they were "Mugwumps"—which sounded like a most shocking name, until it appeared that it was merely an old Indian word for "captain" or "leader." (It is curiously significant of the unreasoning excitement of these extreme partisans that they thus used, by way of opprobrious designation, a word of whose meaning they knew nothing. They might as well have called their opponents isosceles corianders, or parasangs, or paleontological dithyrambs.) But the independent voters were not to be frightened by such talk, nor by prophecies that the election of their candidate would mean the destruction of our commerce, the ruin of business generally, and the restoration of the supremacy of the South, with various concomitant horrors. They had taken their action deliberately and conscientiously; they knew the man whose cause they had espoused.

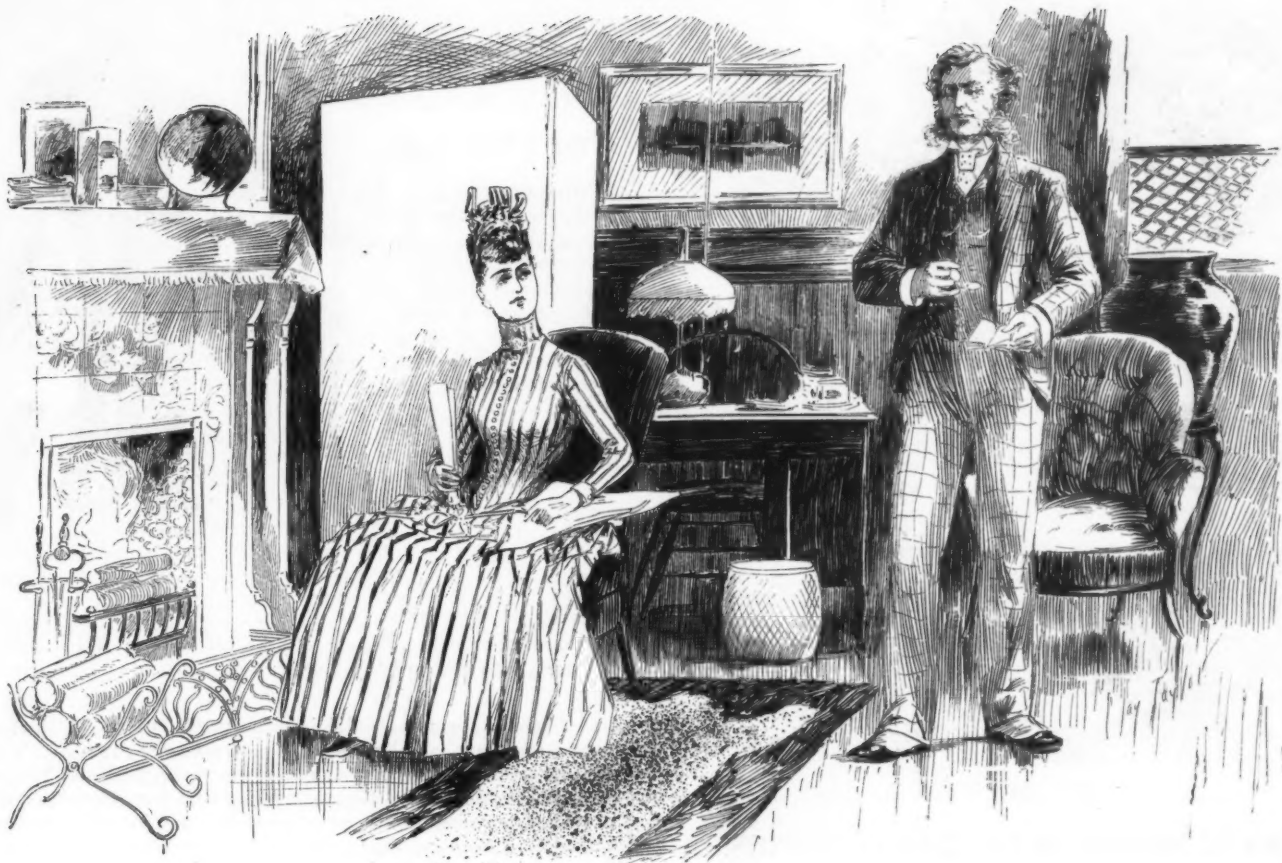
He has now been in office over two years. Business is in its normal condition; we still have what little commerce our shipping and tariff laws have left us; nobody has yet attempted to pay the South for the loss of her slaves, and the negro still casts a freeman's vote. More than this, a good beginning has been made of the task of placing our public service upon a plain, honest business basis; we are in a fair way of having a good, efficient navy—something which we have not had since the Civil War, and probably never would have had under partisan rule—and business men, from one end of the country to the other, have a profound and loyal confidence in the good faith and ability of the President against whom one-half of them voted. There are some papers and many politicians who decry him, his methods, his aims, and the manner of his election. But here are the plain facts. It is all nonsense to talk of "mugwumpery," of "treachery to party," of "practical politics," and the like. Whether office-hunting politicians like Mr. Cleveland or whether they dislike him, the people know him and trust him. And this is the reason: he was elected to give us honest government, for the good of the country, not for the benefit of a party, and he has kept his promises and done his duty. In truth, there are indications on every hand that the lesson taught in 1884 has been even better learned than we had hoped. The manly action of the Democrats in Chicago who, two weeks ago, worked for the election of a Republican Mayor—not because he was a Republican, but because he represented the opposition to Anarchism and civic disorder—and the independent voting which overthrew the corrupt Republican organization in Rhode Island, are only two instances of the fact which all the late elections have shown—that the American can remember, on occasion, that he should be a citizen rather than a partisan. Let us apply this same principle to our national elections. We have obeyed too long the orders of men who have no end in life beyond the acquisition of public office, and who care not about their fitness for their work. There is no reason on earth why, once in every four years, the respectable men of this country, the workers, the business men, the tax-payers, should make hysterical fools of themselves to please a lot of political tramps. Let us begin to elect our public officers for their fitness, and leave the "politics" of the country to their intelligence and integrity.



A SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

He (at dinner).—May I assist you to the cheese, Miss Vassar?  
Miss VASSAR (just graduated).—Thanks, no! I am very comfortable where I am! But you may assist the cheese to me, if you will!





## HERBERT L. S. MONTAGUE SWELL, M. D.

**F**ASHIONABLE PHYSICIAN (*office hours from 9 to 10:30 A. M.*)—Buttons, is the new coachman below?

BUTTONS.—Yes, sir.

PHYSICIAN.—Tell him to have the coupé before the door at 10:30. Walk the horses up and down the block, stopping occasionally before the door till I come out.

BUTTONS.—Yes, sir.

PHYSICIAN.—Who are outside?

BUTTONS.—Two men, a woman, and a lady, sir! Here's her card!

PHYSICIAN.—Show her in!

PHYSICIAN (*rising*).—My dear Mrs. Hysteria, I should be delighted to see you this morning, if I did not fear that your call means a return of your old enemy. Yes? I thought so, and I may say that I have expected it! I noticed at the Meredith dinner, last week, how very fragile you were looking. You are not the woman, physically, to be the society leader that you are. Your temperament is too sensitive, your nervous system too delicately organized to stand the strain. Other women do it? Of course they do, my dear madam, but other women are not you! We do not expect the same wear from a delicate piece of Sèvres porcelain that we do from Ohio delf. You must take care of yourself! I've written out a prescription, a light tonic, which I want you to take every day, at eleven and three, in a glass of old Port. Don't come out in such inclement weather again! I will stop to-morrow as I drive by, and next week, if you are not stronger, I shall send you to Hollywood or Old Point. Good morning; remember to take care of yourself!

PHYSICIAN.—Next card, Buttons! Ah, yes; show the young man in! (*remains seated.*) Ah, from the *Daily Bulletin*, to inquire after Mr. Trillion? Yes? Just sit down a moment, please, and I'll write out what I wish said. A physician is quite apt to be misquoted. (*writes a few moments.*) There—this is all that is necessary. (*reads.*) "A reporter of the *Daily Bulletin* visited Dr. Swell this morning, to obtain the latest and most authentic report of the Hon. A. B. C. Trillion's condition. The eminent physician was found at his home, No. 3 West —th Street, taking a brief rest after his long vigil, nearly the whole of the preceding night having been passed at the bedside of his distinguished patient. He left him resting easy, pulse and respiration nearly normal, the remedies used during the night having produced the expected beneficial effect. Dr. Swell does not deny that the situation is extremely critical, and one calling for the most assiduous skill, but he is of the opinion that unless some serious complications develop, Mr. Trillion's malady will be controlled by medical science." That gives a correct idea of the situation. See that it goes in as written. Good morning!

PHYSICIAN (*remains seated*).—Well, my good woman, what is it? H'm, yes; yours is a hospital dispensary case. I am a specialist, not a general practitioner, and I really can do nothing for you. Go to 450 West —th Street, and you can get some remedies for your child. Good morning!

PHYSICIAN (*taking another card from BUTTONS*).—Show the lady in at once! (*rises, and crosses room to meet her.*) My dear Miss Budrose, this is indeed a pleasure! Take this chair—no, not that one; this low one near the fire! How very nice of you to pay me this morning call! Don't tell me you have come professionally; you are quite too blooming for that! No, indeed! I thought not! If you ever are ill, don't send for me! I really could n't come, you know! The responsibility would be too great! I should have all New York clubdom besieging my doors! What's that?—stop my nonsense and listen to you seriously? Why, my dear Miss Violet, of course I will; what can I do for you? Oh, what a noble scheme! And you young ladies are really undertaking, quite by yourselves, to establish a Fund to erect a cupola over the Heel and Toe Hospital? Indeed, you must let me put my name down for fifty dollars, at least! Must you go so soon? My regards to dear Mrs. Budrose! Is her neuralgia less severe? No? I had better stop a moment as I pass to-day! Coming to your ball to-morrow night? Of course I am; and beware how you fill up your card before I see it! Good morning, Miss Violet; so charmed to see you! Good morning!

PHYSICIAN (*to next visitor*).—Why, Goldspoon, my dear fellow, how are you? Not very well? Oh, I guess not; a little overworked, that's all! You'll have to put on the brakes for awhile! It's all very well to be a brilliant young lawyer; but it's all very ill to be a brilliant young lawyer at the expense of your health. Think you smoke too much? How many? Fifteen cigars a day, with cigarettes between? Well, you might cut down that allowance somewhat; but what you really need is less brain toil! It would be a good thing to take a run over to the Riviera, or South. I shall be near your father's house, to-day, and I'll drop in and see him a few minutes. Between us, I guess we can patch you up. Good morning!

PHYSICIAN.—Eleven o'clock! I must be off! Buttons, my overcoat and case of instruments! See if Michael is at the curb! Say to any who calls to-day that I am detained at the Trillion residence! (*darts out in great haste.*) Drive very rapidly, Michael, to — Fifth Avenue!

(*Jumps into coupé, and the horses clatter down the block with such a noise and dash that half the neighbors are brought to their windows—desired effect.*)

PHILIP H. WELCH.



WITH BLOSSOMS, gay tulips and daffies  
in hands,  
What cares she that Time hurries  
on with his sickle?  
In sweet indecision she daintily stands—  
Spring—with her flowers and nature  
so fickle.

Alas! and Ah, me! still cold Winter  
holds sway!  
This is not the goddess of rondel  
or sonnet,  
But Maude—who tramps over the town  
day by day—  
Hunting false flowers for her early  
Spring bonnet.  
SAMUEL WILLIAMS COOPER.

### WASHINGTON DULL SEASON TOPICS.

THERE ARE numerous complaints about Mrs. Cleveland's exclusiveness, now. A few days ago she refused to take the platform here for a temperance association. Next, she declined to receive a feminine newspaper correspondent, who sought to know all the details of her early love for the President, and just how she became engaged to him. Adding insult to refusal, she sent back the correspondent's card with the written words: "That is my business." Imagine, then, the royal airs Mrs. Cleveland puts on when she refuses to admit book-agents. More than one honest canvasser has gone away from the White House doors with the soliloquy: "And this is a republic, too!"

When, in conclusion, it is remembered that Mrs. Cleveland will not attend the balls and parties around town, it will be confessed that people justifiably complain of the exclusiveness of the President and his wife.

Several millionaire ex-senators, whose terms expired on March 4th last, are selling their residences here. One has just received one hundred thousand dollars for his palace on Massachusetts Avenue. He is from the West, and is a shining example of the money-making genius in Congress. He has been here only six years, and now retires to his Western home, the owner of seven millions of dollars. Who says there are not opportunities at the capital? And who will find fault with the complaints about corruption in Federal legislation?

It is true that the Senator in question was

### A TRULY GOOD MAN.

MINISTER (to LAYMAN). — But why do you say that Mr. Smith is a good man? He rarely appears at church.

LAYMAN. — I know he does n't show up at church very often, but Bradstreets quotes him A 1.



worth seven or eight millions when he came here; still it does not look well for a man to leave Washington with millions.

There is a grave scandal in department circles. A chief of bureau is concerned in it, and his removal is momentarily expected. Two months ago this official was married to one of the prettiest girls in Virginia. Since they have settled down here, the young wife has several times dropped into the department during office hours for a few moments, to speak to her husband. Yesterday, after a minute's conversation with him, she glanced about furtively, and, leaning over his desk, implanted a kiss on his brow. She fancied she had escaped notice, but a glass-door at the other end of the apartment revealed her action to several clerks, male and female. The lookers-on were terribly shocked at this immodest display, especially as they knew the kisser was the chief's wife. If it had been any other woman, the thing might have been borne; but, as it was, complaint was at once made to the Secretary.

As the third year of the new administration goes on, the President is becoming more and more unpopular on account of his undemocratic bearing. It is true that he receives callers at the White House with a cordiality and graciousness unsurpassed by any of his predecessors, but he will not go

out and mix with the people. It was thought, at first, that he was only bashful; but now, after two years in Washington, it is evident that he *will* not be a people's President. Never once has he joined the boys at billiards down at Willard's, and not once has he taken a good old Democratic lean against a street-corner tree to watch the girls go by. He is but a public servant, say the people, and why does he not, like the public servants at both ends of the capitol, occasionally partake of a little liquid Jeffersonian simplicity at Washington's hospitable bars? The people want a jovial, genial President, whom they can slap on the back familiarly, and ask to take a "smile." Why, Grover Cleveland will not even stand on exhibition to let the people get a look at him!

W. L. RIORDON.



### A HOPEFUL VIEW.

"No, George," she said firmly, but gently: "I cannot be your wife. Father is old and feeble, and since mother's death has had no one to care for him but me. If it were otherwise," she went on in a lower, softer, sweeter tone: "and I were free to listen to—but ah, no," she finished with a sigh: "it can not be—it can not be!"

"What's the matter with waiting, dear?" responded George, with infinite tenderness and hope: "perhaps the old man may skip soon."





## RECOLLECTIONS OF W. M. THACKERAY.

(May be Found in Any English Magazine.)

THE other day, having nothing to do, and learning that my landlady was looking for me to pay for my lodgings in High Hog Alley, I strolled into "The Hole in the Wall." What marvelous changes have taken place! Where is Tibbits, that best of all hosts, whose genial face shone on the ha'pennies that passed over the counter? Where are the men that once assembled here—each one as happy as though he were calmly sleeping in his own coal-bin? Where is little Fag, a waiter who possessed remarkable agility in throwing dishes of coffee and platters of deviled kidneys? Where is "Ted" Muggins? Where is "Mat" Moran, prompter at the Gaiety? Where is Spriggins, "Town Rambler" for the *Country Boor*? Where is Thackeray?

I remember the four of us once sat at one of the pine tables—pine no more, but polished walnut now—when Thackeray entered, just as Tibbits sang his noted song, "Sitting on the Style." (Not the style of an English dress-coat, but a meadow style, redolent of cattle, and the home of the wasp.) I give the song here as well as I can remember it, hoping it may swell amount of check.

## SITTING ON THE STYLE.

Hi 've ben a rovin' lad, love,  
Hi 've sailed the veepin' sea,  
Yet hit 'as made me glad, love,  
When Hi remembered thee;  
An' when th' moon were 'igh love,  
An' seemed on us to smile,  
Hi dreamed that you an' Hi, love,  
Wor sittin' on th' style.

Hi thought Hi 'eld yer 'and, love,  
An' marked yer dreamy heye,  
While hall the starry band, love,  
Wor watchin' you an' Hi!  
Hi pressed yer finger-tips, love,  
An' squeezed 'em soft awhile;  
An' then Hi kissed yer lips, love,  
While sittin' on th' style.

Come, be me beautjeous bride, love,  
An' cam this thumpin' 'eart,  
We 'll travel side by side, love,  
For nevermore to part;  
Come, yield to my caress, love,  
'Ark not to hother's guile,  
An' sweetly whisper "Yes," love,  
To-night upon the style.

Of course we all joined in the chorus. Then Tibbits would come down from the stage, and some responsible person, like Queen Victoria or Prince Bismarck or the cashier of the Bank of England, would "hang up" Short's drink. Short was the little musician who would knock the lungs out of the husky-voiced piano in five minutes. Tibbits would bid every one order a B. and S., or a hot chop! A volley of applause would greet this witty remark. Tibbits was a great man in his day.

I have forgotten to speak of Thackeray, but do not let this deter you from sending check immediately (I must get my Brussels carpet ulster out for "Derby Day") to the old book-shop at the "Sign of the Keg."

DE WITT STERRY.

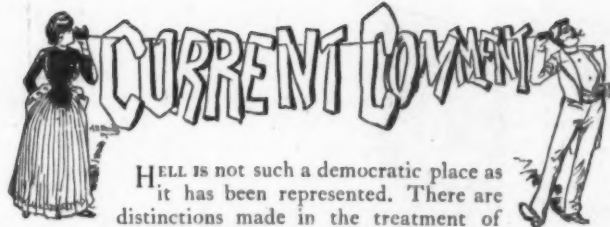
## PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE.

APPLICANT.—Do yer want a foreman in this bakery?

PROPRIETOR.—Have you had much experience with pies?

APPLICANT.—No; but I think I could learn quick. I've been boiler-iron inspector at the Quintard Iron Works for five years.

PROPRIETOR.—Take off your coat and go to work. You'll do.



HELL is not such a democratic place as it has been represented. There are distinctions made in the treatment of people. The refined and well-bred are broiled, and the vulgar are fried.

B. J. D.—Sikkim is a native State of British India, on the south slope of the Himalaya range. To the people of this State we are indebted to our popular fiat to the dog, so pronounced as to mean "sic him." We will say nothing about the Himalaya range. It may give more heat and burn less coal than any other range in the market, but it does n't advertise in these columns.

A MAN, THOUGH HE BE a poet and philosopher, never seems to realize that the snow-ball is a beautiful flower, when he unexpectedly gets one square on the medulla oblongata.

NOW, THEN, please get your ha, ha, ha, he, he, he, machine ready, for we are going to allow a correspondent to ask you something which he considers funny. Are you ready? All right, here it goes! "Has n't the mosquito got a sort of Long Island Sound about him?"

HANS SACHS, the German poet, was a shoemaker. We know some American poets, who, we think, would make first-rate shoemakers.

WE HAVE just received a letter from an English friend in the Punjab, in which we are assured that the Sikhs are all very well.

AN EXCHANGE raises the cry: "A House Without a Pantry." This we, of course, would prefer to a pantry without a house. But if the house should have no pantry, it would be rough on the small boy of the establishment when the hour of the day for purloining the jam arrived.

TO PROVE that the sublime and the ridiculous are not far apart, just open your Cyclopædia, and see how close Rondo and Rondout are.

## HIS FAILING.

LAWYER.—You say the horse is brown.

TRAMP.—Yes.

LAWYER.—A moment ago you said the horse was black.

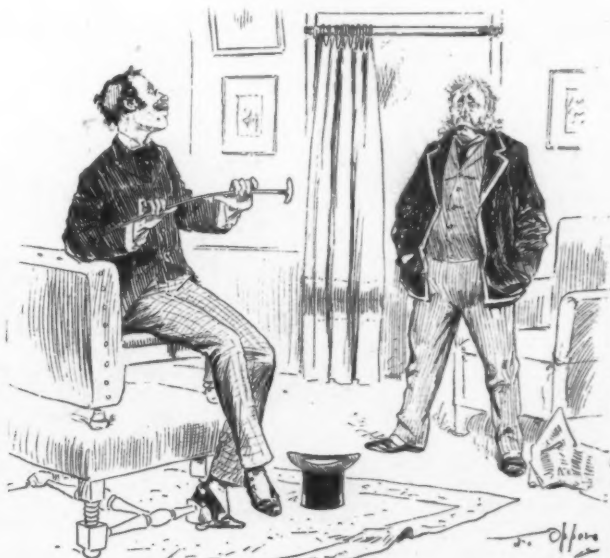
TRAMP.—I know I did.

LAWYER.—Now, which color is it?

TRAMP.—Brown.

LAWYER.—How is it you can't tell the truth?

TRAMP.—Because I am sober. You see, I am a firm believer in the adage "*in vino veritas*." When under the influence, I am as truthful as Izaak Walton. If you want a straight story out of me, just prime me with a couple of cocktails, and George Washington will be a liar alongside of me.



## ANOTHER RAID ON THE SURPLUS.

ASTONISHED FATHER-IN-LAW.—Want a pension! What in thunder do you mean?

SON-IN-LAW.—Why, ain't I dependent on you for support? Well, I want to be independent—that's all!



## UNANSWERED.

H! JAPANESE BIRD on the gilded screen,  
With your legs at an angle wide,  
With your wings outspread and your  
head between,  
And your neck in a bow knot tied,  
If you only could speak  
With your yellowish beak  
What secrets could you confide!

Oh! tell me, my friend, when you  
screened the face  
Of your dear little mistress, Rose—  
With her deep blue eyes and her  
dainty grace—

Who blooms as her namesake blows,  
Have you heard lovers sigh  
(As, for instance, did I)—

Have you heard them, perhaps, propose?

Have you known them to swear that they held her dear?  
(You remember 'twas that I swore)  
Have they stammered, and trembled 'twixt hope and fear?  
(I wished I could sink through the floor)  
And the answers you've heard.  
Tell me, beautiful bird,  
Has she ever said "yes"—before?

Has she ever, by chance, dropped the slightest hint  
That she liked me, a little mite?  
Have you noticed her cheek take a deeper tint  
When I happened to come in sight?  
What! you've nothing to say?  
Well, she'll tell me—some day.  
I'll forgive you, old bird: good night!

S. D. S., JR.

## APPRECIATION.

OLD PILGRIM GAINES moved to the North several years ago, and the people of our Missouri town had about forgotten him, when he turned up again the other day. I met him on the corner by the Market-house.

"Hello, Uncle Pilgrim! You're back home again, are you? You've come on a visit, I suppose?"

"No, sah—no, sah—I ain't come on no visit, sah; I's come ter stay."

"How did you like the North, Uncle Pilgrim?"

"Well—er—jes' middlin', Mistah Dixon, jes' middlin'."

"Did n't you get along well up there?"

"Jes' middlin' well—middlin' well."

"Get good wages?"

"Yas, I s'pose I got good wages. I made twice as much ez I does heah."

"You could vote as you pleased, could n't you?"

"O, Lawd, yas! Why, dey runs culld men fuh de legislatur' on de Dimicratic ticket up dar!"

"Up there you had civil rights, didn't you? Your children went to school with the white children? You could stop at the hotels, ride in first-class cars, and sit in any part of the theatres and churches, could n't you?"

"Well, 'bout de chil'en, I did n' had none. 'Bout de chu'ches, I I nevah went ter no white chu'ches. But I b'leaves dat dem as has de money doan hab no trouble 'bout gittin' what dey wants."

"I don't see why you don't like the North, Uncle Pilgrim?"

"Well, I tell yer jes' how it is, Mistah Dixon. Yer kin git plenty wu'k, an' big pay, an' yer has all de privilege



AT THE COWBOYS' BALL.

FLOOR MANAGER (to looker-on, from the East).—Stranger, if ye want ter dance the next dance, say so; and I'll round up them gals over there, an' cut one of 'em out fer ye!

yer wants; but de rale fac' is, dat culld people ain't 'preciated at de Norf. Dat 's what 's de mattah!"

Just then, young Tom Macmillan came up behind the old man, knocked his hat off, and saluted him with a playful kick.

"Look a' heah, Marse Tom, you stop dat now!" said Pilgrim with a delighted grin, which displayed all his wealth of ivory: "Is yer got any terbacker, Marse Tom?"

Tom tossed the old man a half-plug of chewing tobacco.

"Now, dat 's what I calls 'preciation," said Uncle Pilgrim, filling his mouth with the savory weed: "I nevah had dat much terbacker give ter me all de time I wus at de Norf!"

CHAS. W. CHESNUTT.



## THE NATIONAL GAME.

"Mr. Mutrie," inquired a beautiful Harlem girl, who is one of the gallant manager's many admirers: "why is your base-ball club called a 'nine'?"

"Well," responded Mr. Mutrie, whose knowledge of the national game is Emersonian, if not Baconian: "I suppose it is because there are eighteen players in it!"

## THOROUGHLY SATURATED.

ROBINSON (to DUMLEY, in a new suit).—Ah, Dumley, quite a howling swell, eh? Have you "wet" that suit yet?

DUMLEY.—Wet it? I should say so! I walked down the Bowery this morning, under the Third Avenue Elevated Road.

## A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

ROBINSON.—Did you hear of the railroad accident this morning, Dumley?

DUMLEY.—Why, no!

ROBINSON.—The car I was in was crowded with passengers, and it left the rails entirely.

DUMLEY (aghast).—You don't say so! Many killed?

ROBINSON.—No; it was a street-car!

## IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.

SHE.—Do you know if Mr. Ingersoll was critically ill during his recent sickness?

HE.—He must have been! I understand he came very near sending for a minister!

STURGEON POINT, VIRGINIA: Ruddygore is not pronounced at all, now, unless a pronounced failure, which it has been since it first saw the light. And we think we ought to give the remains a chance, while they are being universally danced upon.

TRACHEOTOMY HAS BEEN ATTEMPTED ON horses in England, to cure them of roaring, and tried with success. Now, bring on the Blaine men!

THE HON. JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S arm is quite well again, and once more he is able to knock chunks off a man. We extend to the Hon. John assurances of our distinguished consideration and regard.

THE NEW YORK Times in a recent issue had the head lines: "Mrs. Duffy's Poverty. Nothing of any value except her husband's worthless checks." A worthless check of value is a discovery that ought to rank with the Georgejones River.

THE NUMBER OF WOMEN who really care to vote is about equal to the number of men who like to put the baby to sleep.





## ENGLISH WORTHIES.

Edited by Andrew Slang.

## III.—GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

I REGRET THAT THE personal history of the Father of English Poetry is almost entirely unknown, and that I can not present a picture of the home of Chaucer's boyhood, which was secured with difficulty for this memoir; but the wood-cut was loaned to a publisher for the biography of Martin Luther, and has never been returned.

Historians agree that Chaucer died in 1400—that date being easily remembered by the oblivious school-boy—and, as the poet looks every day of sixty in the frontispiece of a Red Line Edition, we infer, by a well-known process of reasoning, that he was born in 1340. Certain it is that Chaucer's father was a London vintner, and it occurs to me that the obscurity of the family movements, and the general mistiness enveloping the poet's early life, may be explained on the plausible hypothesis that the old man was an illicit distiller.

I am not positive, but merely wish to throw out a hint to persons who are devoting their lives to the subject. Geoffrey Chaucer was the first and only original spring poet; but, unlike his successors, he did not have his portrait in his first volume of poems; for he intuitively knew that it was unwise to let the public know a spring poet by sight as well as name, and with discreet modesty he refrained from furnishing too many clues to his identity. Here is a specimen of this earliest vernal literature:

"Whan that Aprille with his  
showres swoote [sweet]  
The drought of Marche hath  
perced to the roote,  
And bathed every veyne in  
swich licour,  
Of which vertue engendred is  
the flour;  
And smale \* fowles maken  
melodie,  
That slepen alle night with  
open eyhe,  
So priketh hem nature in here  
corages:—  
Thanne longen folk to gon on  
pilgrimages."

After perusing the above, it might be inferred that the author was a foreigner, or that his education had been sadly neglected; and it does seem inexcusable that a man, whom both Oxford and Cambridge claim as a graduate, should spell flower—F-L-O-U-R, and eye—E-Y-H-E. But the theory now is that Chaucer was a great scholar—that his assumption of a somewhat foreign idiom is in the vein of "Leedle Yawcob Strauss,"†—a pasquinade on the mixed population of his day, and that his false orthography was affected to tickle the masses. The mellifluous yawping and quaint diction of the foregoing extract should settle Matthew Arnold's quandary as to Chaucer's place in literature. Confident of being sustained by the verdict of posterity, I take the responsibility of sandwiching him between Walt Whitman and the late Josh Billings.

As a versifier, Chaucer is simply pluperfect. Notice the inimitable grace and ingenuity with which he extricates himself from a rhyming difficulty in the first couplet of our quotation: "Sweet" must rhyme with "roote;" so his facile goose-quill transforms "sweet" into "swoote," and poetic license is enlivened by a philological feat. I would not intimate that the poet was often trammelled by the petty requirements of rhyme; for his genius could have forced plain "sweet" to rhyme with "roote," or with "swoet," itself, for that matter, without experiencing the least fatigue.

As a rule, I have no antiquarian tastes, but I would pay an exorbitant price for Chaucer's Rhyming Dictionary—if extant. Retaining the original for reference, I would present *fac similes* to Barnum and the Smithsonian Institute. No man did more than Chaucer to limber up the king's English, and take the starch out of our mother-tongue. He rejected alike the etymological and phonetic theories, violated Grimm's Law, ridi-

\* This is the first allusion in literature to the English Sparrow nuisance.

† Dr. Quackandbosh, of the University of Pennsylvania, however, considers this foreign idiom in Chaucer as a Free-Trade degeneracy.

culed spelling-bees, and, when his vocabulary was exhausted, relied solely upon natural volubility, backed up by the ingenuity of his vocal organs. He was versed in every variation of the vernacular; and the recurrence in his works of such expressions as "ther," "wher," and "I is," shows that he used the negro dialect, also—probably in deference to the then popular craze over the Black Prince, who distinguished himself as head-waiter in a great blow-out to the king of France.

Chaucer was guilty of many Gallicisms, but, unlike the modern novelist, he lugged in French from dire necessity—and not for pedantic display or refined circumlocution. When an alleged ethereal heroine ate up a round of corned-beef with the voracity of a tramp, he would not have said that "she languidly partook of a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, with a *blasé* expression in the corners of her mouth."

There must be something inimitable and *sui generis* in Chaucer's method; for if I should sing of—

Swete violetes, swooter thonne alle rosen,  
Y-laden of fragraunce, spearcling with deu—

I fear that I should hush by request, and that a society would be founded—not to interpret my poetry—but to exterminate *me*.

As a racy story-teller, Chaucer is unexcelled, though he frequently gets derailed, and discusses things in general to such an extent that I suspect he was paid by the column. He emulated Ovid and Boccaccio in his tales, and some of his incidents read like a copyrighted "cablegram" in a metropolitan paper; but it is due to the innocent old poet to state that he was entirely ignorant of the use of the asterisk. Beside, he had more conscience than the man who edits Ovid, and entices a boy through a page of syntax, and then rewards him with a stanza of asterisks, indicating something shady in the record.

Chaucer, it must be said, carried his false orthography too far, and in his declining years his publisher wrote him that the style of Josh Billings was about played out, and that he had better decoy his Muse into some lonely dell of Parnassus, and there strangle her. The old man died of a broken heart.

EUREKA BENDALL.



AS THINGS ARE THERE.

PROFESSOR UNDERDON (at the Boston Browning Club).—No, my hearers, we can not linger too lovingly on the grand words and refining thoughts of our great master of—

AN ACCEPTED SUITOR'S first kiss is a sealed proposal. Ah, we've been there more than once!

THE ANNUAL INCOME of Baron Rothschild is placed at three million dollars, and if he does not come to New York and hire a handsome cab by the hour, he will die a rich man.

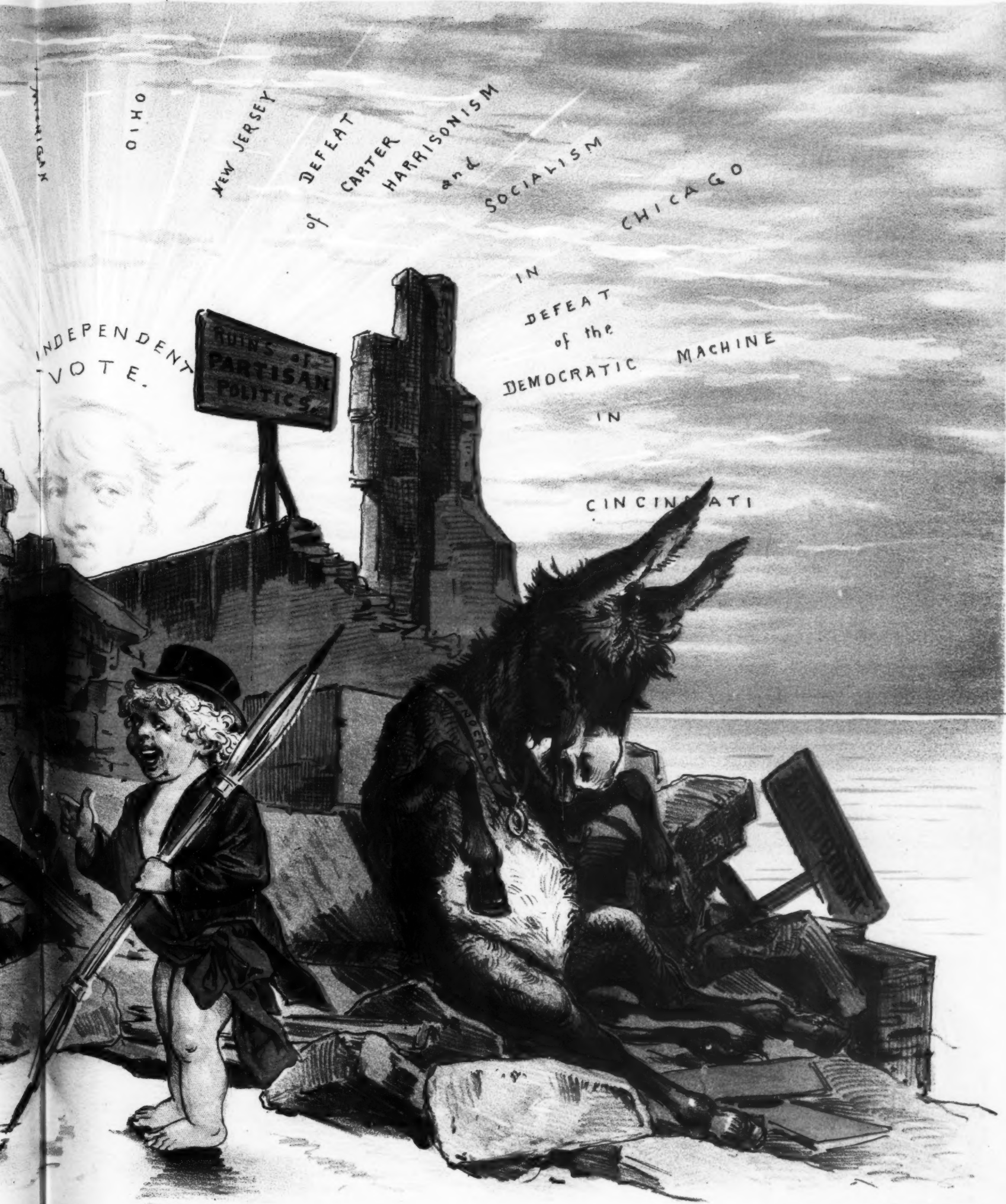
FRENCH BREAD IS THE *bâton* or *canne* of life. This is not funny; but it shows that when we drop into French we strike on our feet.



CHILD OF THE HOUSE (entering suddenly).—John L.'s goin' by, 'f yer wan' ter see him!







## COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHY.

(SEE ARTICLE IN MARCH *Century*.)

COMPOSITE SUNSHINE, sweetness superposed,  
The sum of nine-and-forty girlish faces,  
A thousand bits of loveliness disclosed—  
A world of charms—a galaxy of graces!

The grand soul windows of a college queen  
Are mirthful with Miss Madcap's merry twinkle,  
And stately Edith's lofty brow serene  
Has just a shadow of Miss Deepdigg's wrinkle.

Here saucy Betty's scornful nose atilt,  
Defies grave Gertrude's tender, sad expression,  
And languid Maud, who looks as she would wilt,  
Is fortified by Abigail's aggression.

Oh, lucky alchemist of later years,  
Whose task it is to blend these rarer simples—  
Smooth tresses, laughing lips, and dainty ears,  
Round, rosy cheeks and most bewitching dimples!

Dear girls, I well could love you every one,  
But though a cynic, with a heart of leather,  
Beholding this blest magic of the sun,  
I'd love you—love you madly all together!

J. S. P.

## TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS TWO.

"It's just a little poem, my dear," she said timidly to her husband, on his return from the office: "a stray thought that came to me to-day, and I've tried to put it in verse. It's very crude, of course, and I'm quite ashamed to show it to you; but I thought, perhaps—" and the lady anxiously awaited the verdict.

"Not so bad," he said, handing it back to her: "How near's dinner ready?"

He found out that dinner was n't anywhere near ready.

WHEN WALKING IN THE PARK, Mrs. Langtry wears a heelless shoe. Otherwise, she is well-heeled. This is a combination of important information and fresh humor, that we are inclined to think will commend itself.

WITH THE THERMOMETER below zero, the country may be said to be suffering from a severe cold. We ought to have called your attention to this last winter, but even genius is n't always infallible.

## THE LATEST CERAMIC CRAZE—Watching the Potters' Weal.



## AT THE MILLINER'S.

MISS MONTMORENCY.  
—Oh, here is a lovely hat—just perfectly beautiful! How much is it?

MILLINER.—Only fifteen dollars!

MISS MONTMORENCY.  
—Only fifteen dollars? The ugly old thing! Now show me something real pretty—about fifty dollars or one hundred dollars, you know!



## AT THE DAUGHTERS OF REBECCA RECEPTION.

COHEN.—Dot dress cosd me eighdy-five tollars, Rachel, urt ve musd ged der monish pack some vays!

## AT AN EVENING PARTY.

YOUNG MR. WALDO, (of Boston, to pretty Chicago young lady) —Aw—Miss Breezy, on a favorable opportunity, I would be delighted, —if you would present me to your mother!

MISS BREEZY.—Certainly, Mr. Waldo; I will, with pleasure! (a favorable opportunity presents itself.) Mother, shake hands with Mr. Waldo!

## ONE CENT.

IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE to attach any importance to one cent; but, at the same time, it is a very important coin at times.

It will take a circular to California; and it will make you madder than a hatter and a March hare combined, when you go to pay your fare on a horse-car, to find that you have but four cents and a ten dollar bill. Then will the wanting cent seem colossal. Especially when you see the conductor fold your ten dollar bill, and stow it carefully in his vest-pocket, and then begin to deal you out a lot of change that looks as though it has been in circulation since the Revolutionary War.

One cent is very small when you present it to an organ grinder's monkey, but when it is added to the rate of interest you receive on a stock, it possesses a stern magnificent grandeur that carries you away like a strain of music.

The penny, it seems, was made to put on church-plates; and although a man may say it amounts to nothing, he will strike matches, and lift mats, and crawl about in the straw on a horse-car, to find the one he drops. It is so small a coin that you have to take off your glove to get hold of it in your pocket, and yet it is so large that when the baby swallows it, the chances of the baby's living are sometimes not worth a cent.

When a man speaks of a quail, he will sarcastically call it a little bit of a thing about the size of a cent; and he will speak of a girl's freckles, sarcastically, as being great big freckles, the size of a cent.

Although one cent is less than ten cents, yet one cent is a great deal larger than a dime. Many a man has gone thirsty all day with four cents in his pocket. For the want of that one cent the four were as useless as the eleven men on a jury who are held out against by one.

This is all we know about Philadelphia mint-sauce.





# CONVERSATION ON THE FERRY-BOAT.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. WELCH.

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—Why, how glad I am to see you, Miss Rinkle-Tinkle!

MISS LETTIE RINKLE-TINKLE.—It is really a pleasant surprise to see you looking so well. I have been absent some time.

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—Oh, yes; so I heard the other day at the meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, at Mrs. Jamison's. I hope you had a nice time.

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—Oh, I had a perfectly lovely time, Mrs. Brundige! A perfectly lovely time!

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—Did you go about much?

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—Oh, gracious, yes! I was on the go all the time. I had to put off the dressmaker's engagement several times, that it might not interfere with my visit at the Claytons, on Madison Avenue. Then I had to cut my visit short to go home for the dressmaker.

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—How awfully provoking!

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—Yes, it is simply quite exasperating, I can assure you, Mrs. Brundige.

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—The Claytons have a pretty fine establishment, have they not?

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—Well, I should just say they have! It is one of the most awfully swell and charming places I ever visited. And it was nothing but Germans, and theatre-parties, and kettle-drums, and opera, from one end of the week to the other. Oh, I just had a quite awfully jolly time!

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—The Claytons don't amount to much in New York society, do they?

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—Goodness, no! You know Mrs. Clayton's uncle was a dentist, and her father kept a seaside hotel. But you would never suspect it if you were to hear Mrs. Clayton talk, and see her act the hostess. You know I go there because they always give one such a good time. I would n't want it to go any further, Mrs. Brundige, but do you know what Mr. Clayton does?

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—Goodness me, no!

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—Well, when he drinks soup, he dips the spoon toward instead of from him.

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—Horrible, horrible!

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—He does, actually! And I have seen him use a knife on sweet-bread croquettes, and carve chickens standing.

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—Oh, mercy on us!

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—And sometimes he tucks his napkin inside his collar.

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—Miss Rinkle-Tinkle, please don't cause me to faint! I always thought the Claytons were common people, on the strength of the pictures on their walls at Basking Ridge. You can always tell a boor by his pictures.

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—That's so; but I go there, as I said before, because it is a fine place to go for a good time; and then, as they have a summer-house at Basking Ridge, I don't have to entertain them in return.

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—Are any of the girls receiving attentions from gentlemen this winter?

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—I really could n't find out. A number of gentlemen call almost every evening, and Agatha wears a beautiful solitaire diamond ring; but I don't know whether it's an engagement ring, or a birthday present from her mother. Oh, by the way, do you know they go to Cannes to spend the spring months?

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—Well, that's always the way in this world. Good worthy people of family and standing have to struggle along in poverty, and a lot of lucky nobodies parade in purple and fine linen, and think they're as good as any one else. Do you know that Mr. Clayton's brother is nothing but a common plumber?

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—You are not quite really in earnest, Mrs. Brundige?

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—Indeed I am!

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—Well, well, well! I declare this is quite the awfullest shock I have received for a long time!

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—I tell you, one cannot be too careful in one's selection of associates. Oh, by the way, what are you having made this spring?

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—Well, to start with, I am having a lovely black silk trimmed with jet for "good." Then I am having a tan cloth for the street, and a white flannel, half a dozen sateens, and a couple of crinkly seersuckers for general summer use.

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—How lovely!

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—They are just too lovely for anything, I can

assure you. Wouldn't you like to come over tomorrow and see them?

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—I should be more than charmed to accept your kind invitation. But are you not beginning your dress-making early?

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—Yes, it is a little early, I'll admit; but, you see, a sewing machine company left a machine at the house the other day on trial for six weeks, and we want to get all our sewing done before the time is up.

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—You think you won't buy the machine, then?

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—Oh no, indeed! We get all our sewing done this way every year. If it were not for the companies sending machines, we should be obliged to buy one.

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—It's an awfully cute idea! Which car do you take?

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—The Eighth Street, for Daniell's.

MRS. BRUNDIGE.—I take the Fourteenth St., for Macy's. Good bye!

MISS RINKLE-TINKLE.—Good bye! Don't forget to come around tomorrow, and see my new dresses! R. K. M.



EVERYTHING ALL READY.

WASHINGTON HUSBAND (to WIFE, who is to give a grand ball).—Are the arrangements completed?

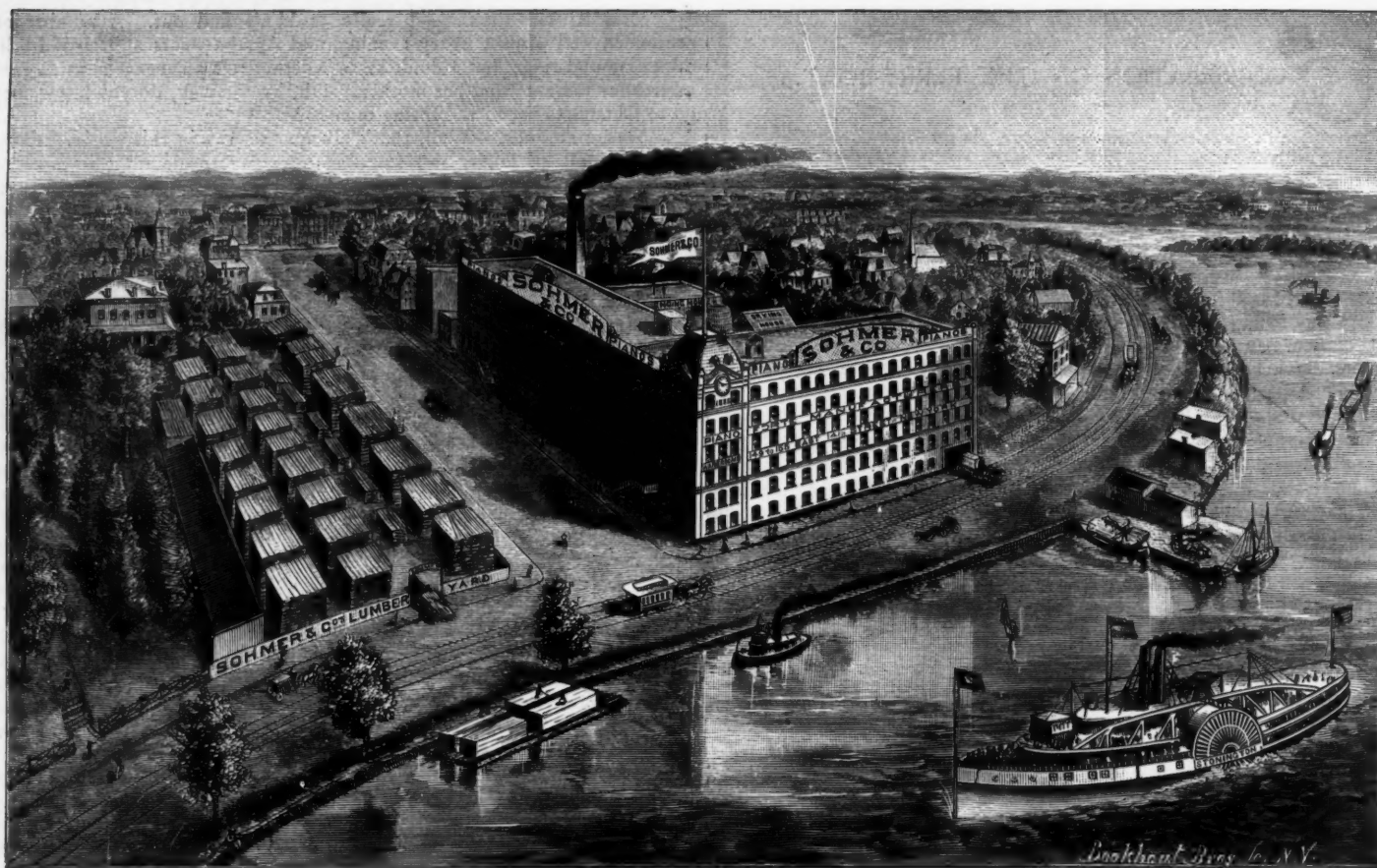
WIFE (with a sigh of satisfaction).—Yes; even to the ordering of the police from the station-house!



RURAL TREES are full of buds,  
And along the road the mud's  
Pretty deep;  
The canal mule, sad and pale,  
'Neath the pounding of the flail  
Falls asleep.

II.  
All the hens are on the lay,  
And it feels like merry May,  
Tootle toot;  
And we trust the blue above  
Is the sure conclusion of  
Epizoot.

III.  
Now the birdlet from the South  
Has a gold straw in his mouth  
As he flies;  
And the walker says he's found  
Some arbutus on the ground,  
But he lies.



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"I say, George," said a St. Paul drummer to a Minneapolis brother, as they came together in a Dakota hotel, "have you heard of the big row they are having in your town just now?" "Row! No. What's the difficulty?" "They have taken

all the Bibles out of the schools there." "The Bibles out of the schools! What for, pray?" "Why, because it mentions St. Paul many times, but Minneapolis not once."—*Chicago Commercial Traveler*.

"Can you diwect me to the pawk, me good woman?"

"Ter th' parruk, is it? Troth, yez wud do well to kape away from theyre. It's puttin' yez in cage they'll be."—*Tid-Bits*.

ADVERTISEMENTS OR CHANGES of Advertisements for all but last Advertisement page of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M. Forms of the last page are closed Thursday at 5 P. M.



**A MIND MADE UP.**

HE.—After thinking over the matter for some time, I am fully convinced that it's best for me; in fact, Miss Alice, my mind is made up to—

MISS ALICE (with a "taking" blush).—To what?

HE.—To get insured in the United States Mutual Accident Association!



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No. 20. [Copyright, March, 1887.]



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Fred: ✧

✧ Brown's ✧

✧ Ginger,

with hot water and sugar (if  
it suits taste.)

Satisfies Thirst,  
Sustains Strength,  
Aids Digestion, and  
at night, by causing  
a healthy action  
of the Skin, induces  
Sleep. ✧ Try it.

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#### THE REASON WHY.

THE other day two ladies, while driving up Walnut Street, passed the husband of one of them sauntering along slowly with a pretty young woman by his side.

"There is Mr. Manfirt," said one of the matrons. "Isn't that Mrs. Grasswidow with him?"

Mrs. Manfirt raised her glass to her eye, and drawled:

"Yes; there goes Theodore with his latest fancy. I'm sure I don't know what she sees in him."—*Philadelphia News.*

THE Parisian book-makers, who have been banished by law from the race-tracks, are having a turf time of it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

**THE WHITNEY WAGON WORKS,**  
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**Distilled Water**

to be superior to the best spring water for drinking purposes,



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Principal depot: 351 and 353 W. 12th Street, New York.

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**WHISKEY.**

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**CHILDS & CO.,** Proprietors and Sole Agents,  
543 & 545 Tenth Ave., N. Y. City. (A case of assorted Wines and Liquors of any kind \$6 to \$15 per case.) Send Cash, P. O. Order or Registered Letter. Send for Price-list. 251

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78 Madison St., Chicago.  
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**DISCOVERY.**

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THOUSANDS ATTEST TO THE CURATIVE POWER OF EDWARDS' for the Nerves and Appetite. It will positively cure chronic diarrhoea, no matter how long it has lasted. For sale by E. C. HAZARD & Co., C. N. CRITTENTON, 115 Fulton St., N. Y., WILD CHERRY MFG. CO., Elizabeth, N. J. \$1.00 per bottle.

Oh, where is spring, that mysterious thing?  
Now, ground-hogs, all answer together.  
Correct! For you sing that the advertised spring  
Is postponed on account of the weather.

—Philadelphia News.

It is announced that Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia is coming to America, and will reach this happy land about the first of May. We had noticed that the railroad companies have already begun to renew the placards at the stations: "Beware of lending money to strangers."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A NATURAL Request. Pardington is introducing his English cousin to some American oysters. English Cousin (*imploringly*).—"You carve, deah boy; you're more used to it than I am."  
—*Tid-Bits*.

#### More Facts.

STERLING, ILL., August 22, 1885

We feel we must write something of the success of Hop Bitters. Their sale is thrivable that of any other article of medicine. Hence we feel it but justice to you and your Bitters to say that it is a medicine of real merit and virtue, and doing much good and effecting great cures.

Yours, J. F. & H. B. UTLEY.

HAYESVILLE, OHIO, Feb. 11, 1884.

I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles, and I would not take \$100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best of results from their use.

C. B. MERCER, M. D.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Sept. 15, 1885.

We take pleasure in giving you a notice and a nice, strong one, as it (Hop Bitters) deserves it. We use it, and we know it deserves it.—*The Register*.

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1886.

HOP BITTERS CO.:

Sirs—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me. They are having a large sale here.

LEROY BREWER.

GREENWICH, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1885.

Hop Bitters are the most valuable medicine I ever knew. I should not have any mother now but for them.

HENRY KNAPP.

LONE JACK, MO., Sept. 14, 1885.

I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaint and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines.

P. M. BARNES.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Feb. 2, 1886.

HOP BITTERS MFG. CO.:

I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never done before with any patent medicine.

J. J. BABCOCK,  
Physician and Druggist.

KAHOKA, MO., Feb. 9, 1886.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last Fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

WM. T. MCCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in this country. We have large sales, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. BISHOP & CO.

233



W. J. McDonald

In returning thanks to you for my miraculous cure of eczema or salt rheum, I deem it advisable to give you a detailed account of my case, and as there is, and always will be a prejudice against advertised remedies, you have my consent to publish this testimonial, and all inquiries, by letter or in person, I will cheerfully answer. I do this that people who go on year after year paying out large sums of money to incompetent physicians and receive no cure, or even relief, or end in filling a premature grave, as was nearly my case, may be induced to make a trial of the wonderful CUTICURA REMEDIES.

At the age of three months a rash made its appearance on my face. A physician was called, he said teething was the cause, he prescribed some cooling medicine, but the sores spread to my ears and head. Another M. D. was called. He professed to know all about the case, called it "King's Evil," and prescribed gunpowder, brimstone, and lard mixed into a salve, but the disease continued. They could not do anything with it. Another prescribed borax, water and flour; another, linseed poultices. None of them did me any good at all, but made me worse. The disease continued unabated; it spread to my arms and legs, till I was laid up entirely, and from continual sitting on the floor on a pillow my limbs contracted so that I lost all control of them, and was utterly helpless. My mother would have to lift me out and into bed. I could get around the house on my hands and feet, but I could not get my clothes on at all, and had to wear a sort of dressing gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen off, and my head, face, and ears were one scab, and I had to have a towel on my head all the time in the summer to keep the flies off. My parents consulted a prominent physician and surgeon here in Chicago (the other physicians before mentioned were of Dundas and Hamilton, Canada), he said he could do nothing for me, that the chances were that I would grow out of it, or that it would strike inwardly and kill me in time. He wanted to cut the sinews of my legs so that I could walk, but I would not let him, for if I did get better I would have no control of them.

The disease continued in this manner until I was seventeen years old, and one day in January, 1879, in the Chicago Tribune, I read an account of your medicines. They described my case so exactly that I thought, as a last resort, to give them a trial.

When I first applied the CUTICURA, I was all raw and bleeding from scratching myself, but when I applied it I went to sleep al-

most immediately, something I have not done for years, the effect was so soothing.

The first morning after using it my flesh (I had no skin only on the end of my nose), was a pink color. Next day it was kind of white, and I could place my hands on the sores without it being painful. In about two weeks I could stand straight, but not walk, I was so weak, but my sores were nearly well. Then I commenced the use of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and in three days I was worse than ever. I was one mass of pimples from the top of my head to the soles of my feet; to say they were painful would not do justice to the case. In from two to four days they burst and left a small scale, which dropped off and left the spot pure and the skin white, and as near as I can judge I was cured in about six to eight weeks, and up to this date (*i. e.* from January, 1879, to January, 1887), I have not been sick in any way, or have had the least signs of the disease reappearing on me. I have an excellent appetite, have the very best of health. My limbs are straight, supple, and strong. I have been exposed to all sorts of weather without the least signs of the disease yet. The only difference I find in myself is that my skin is finer, softer, and not so liable to get chapped as is other persons.

No doubt many persons will not believe this almost improbable story, many will think it grossly exaggerated. I don't blame them a bit if they do, but to satisfy themselves, they can call or write to me and find out if what I have written above is true or not. There are many persons who can testify to the wonderful cure I have received by your CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Gentlemen, let me again thank you for my cure.

3732 Dearborn St.,  
Chicago, Ill., Jan. 30, 1887.

W. J. McDONALD.

Nothing is known to science at all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; SOAP, 25 cents; RESOLVENT, \$1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

271



**HINDER CORNS.**  
The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, etc. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 10 cents at Druggists. Liscoe & Co., N. Y.

5000 AGENTS WANTED! DOUBLE QUICK! to sell  
**JOE HOWARD'S BEECHER**  
LIFE OF  
Infinitely the most valuable because so closely from the family circle and by a master hand engaged in a "Labor of Love." *Rocky Hill, U.S.* Will sell immensely. Quick is the word. \$25 to \$50 a week easily made. Send for circulars and 50c. for outfit to HUBBARD BROS., Phila., Philadelphia.

279

**AGENTS WANTED** (Samples FREE) for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. DR. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.

744



GROCER.—Yes, madam, I can swear to you that is fresh, this year's maple sugar.

CUSTOMER.—But how came these fly-specks on it?

GROCER.—We get flies quite early here, ma'am. They come in the dried currants.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A DRUNKEN Irishman fell down a second story flight of stairs, landing at the top of the first flight.

Gazing down the latter, he said:

"Begorra, if it paralyzes a mon loike that to fall up stairs, Oi wonder phere Oi'd be if Oi fell down."—*Drake's Magazine.*

CHICAGO REPORTER.—Got a big sensation.

CITY EDITOR.—Good! How much will it make?

"Ought to have lots of space—all you can give it."

"So? It must be a good one. What's it about?"

"There was n't a divorce case to-day."

—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

## A NEW ERA IN THE HISTORY OF LONG ISLAND.

### THE SOHMER FACTORIES AT ASTORIA.

The importance of Long Island as a manufacturing centre, has recently been brought to special notice by Messrs. Sohmer & Co., the well-known pianoforte manufacturers, erecting a large factory at Astoria.

Messrs. Sohmer & Co., with their usual foresight, saw the many advantages to be gained by building on Long Island, and now that the factories, which are situated in a most desirable and healthy location for their purpose, are completed, (see illustration on page 134,) they have attracted the notice of a number of leading manufacturers in various lines of business, who contemplate erecting similar establishments there, and this will, of course, greatly add to the prosperity of the place, and also increase the value of its property. The "Sohmer" factories are near the Ninety second Street Ferry, and from the tower of the main building a most beautiful view can be taken of the surrounding country. The East River, and its islands, with the Public Institutions, can also be seen, and persons on board the various steamers going up or down the river, will be able to judge for themselves of the magnitude of the "Sohmer" factories.

No expense has been spared by the firm in any detail of their new buildings, and they are, without doubt, one of the finest and best equipped pianoforte factories in this country. Standing six stories in height, with large entrances to the yards, offices, etc., they present an imposing appearance, and will help to draw special attention to this portion of Long Island. The high standing and reputation of the firm of Sohmer & Co., will, in itself, be a means of impressing our leading manufacturers with the desirability of erecting factories at Astoria. Messrs. Sohmer & Co., have always displayed a marvelous ability and enterprise, and this, their last achievement, will certainly add to their fame. Always foremost in the front ranks of progress, liberal in all their dealings, displaying great inventive ability in the manufacture of their beautiful instruments, Messrs. Sohmer & Co. have certainly made a most important move, which will open up a new and prosperous era in the history of Long Island.

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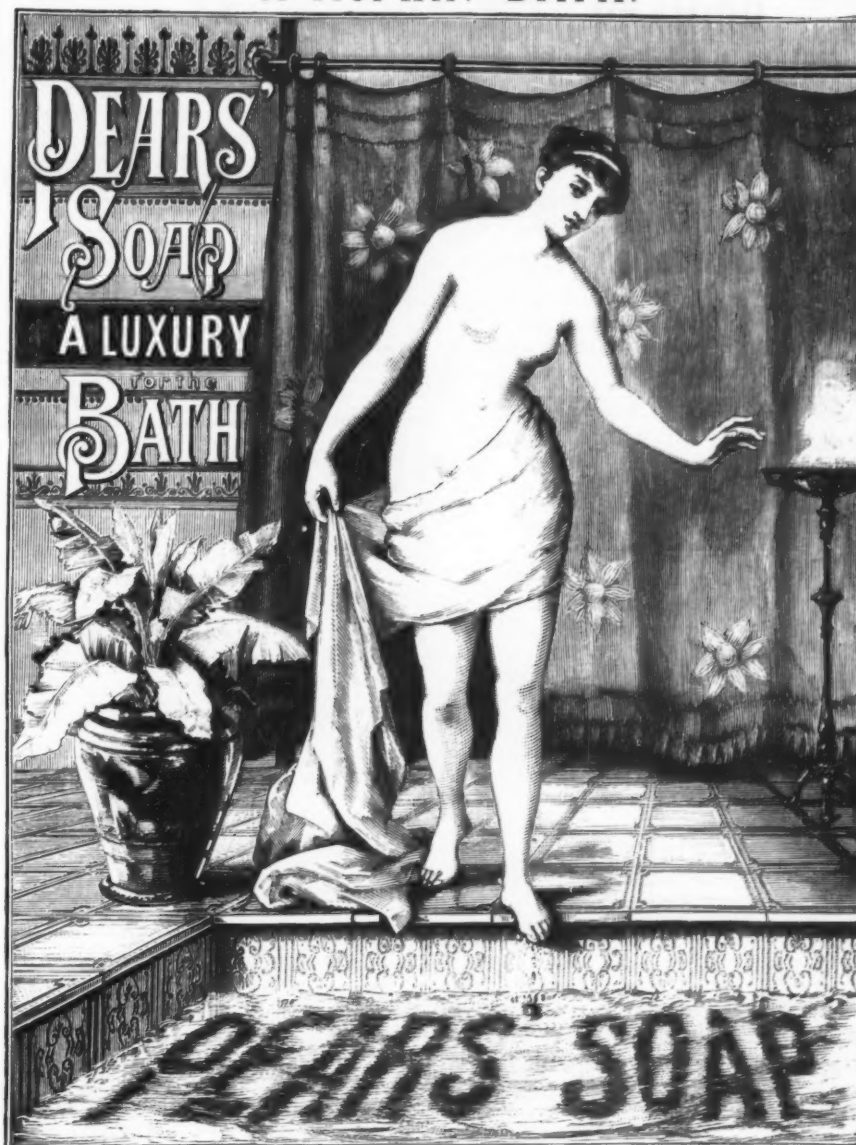
## PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The Best Cure for Coughs, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Indigestion, Inward Pain, Exhaustion. Combining the most valuable medicines with Jamaica Ginger, it exerts a curative power over disease unknown to other remedies. Weak Lungs, Rheumatism, Female Complaints, and the distressing illness of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are dragging thousands to the grave who would recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It is new life and strength to the aged. 50c. at Drug-gists. Hiscox & Co., 163 William Street, N. Y.

## COLD FREE WATCHES

To bring our house prominently before the Ladies and to impress upon them the fact that we are Headquarters for many articles indispensable for their personal use and home adornment, we make the following liberal offer: To the person telling us the longest verse in the Bible, before June 10th, we will present a Lady's Gold Watch worth \$60.00, Solid Gold, Hunting Case, Silver Winding. If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive a Lady's Solid Gold Chatelaine worth \$20. The fourth an elegant Gold Bar Pin worth \$10. Each of the next 25 (if there be so many correct answers) will receive a Dose of our Ladies' Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs worth \$3. Enclose \$0c. (stamps, silver or postal note) with your answer, for which we will send you our New Elegantly Illustrated Catalogue, containing the latest Fancy Stitches and Designs for Crazy Patchwork, &c., and a finely illustrated Book of Instructions in the fascinating and profitable employment of making Artificial Flowers, &c. from Tissue Paper. Address YALE SILK WORKS, 870 CHAPEL ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

## A ROMAN BATH.



The Best for the Complexion. "A Balm for the Skin."  
The Most Economical. It Wears to Thinness of a Wafer.

A LETTER has just been disintombed in Pompeii, just where the district messenger boy lost it 300,000 years ago. The boy is supposed to be still alive and slowly wandering along in the direction of the house at which the letter was to be delivered.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

NOTHING mean about Barnum. He gives everybody a show.—*Drake's Magazine.*

### Snug Little Fortunes

may be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to embrace the opportunities which occasionally are offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, have something new to offer in the line of work which you can do for them, and live at home, wherever you are located. Profits immense and every worker is sure of over \$5 a day; several have made over \$50 in a single day. All ages; both sexes. Capital not required; you are started free; all particulars free. You had better write to them at once.



## CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Ex. & P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St. N. Y.

**PILES** Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

753

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

**TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢**  
Demand unprecedented. R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago

736

The Subscription-Price of PUCK is  
FOUR DOLLARS PER YEAR.

## You Can Shave

100 Times, 25cts.—4 Times, 1ct.—1 Time, 1-4 of a cent.  
**WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK,**

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

or sent post-paid by mail, to any address, for 25cts. in Stamps. The quality of this soap is such as has characterized our famous "YANKEE SHAVING SOAP" for 50 years. Each Stick in a turned wood case, neatly covered with leatherette. Very portable for Travelers.

A LUXURY TO ALL WHO SHAVE.

Address,

The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn.

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

**Nature's Disinfectant.**  
**THE PINE FOREST at HOME.**  
Should be in Every Household.

**100,000 LIVES**

**ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,**  
from Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Malaria, Dysentery, Enteric Fever, Measles, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Diarrhoea, can be saved by the regular use in every household of

**"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,**  
which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we grasp a bottle of "Sanitas" in a sick room."  
—ANNIE THOMAS in "Eye of Blenden."

**"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c**  
**40 Cents each Preparation.**

To be had of all Druggists, and of the  
**American & Continental "Sanitas" Co.,**  
(Limited.)  
636-642 West 55th Street, N. Y.

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

Gentlemen:

I desire to call your attention to the fact that I have transferred my Bowery Business (owing to the late fire) temporarily to 771 Broadway, Cor. Ninth St.

Have been able to duplicate by "Cable" most of my "Foreign Spring Styles" in Scotch effects, also had the advantage of a great number of "New Styles in Domestic" that were made for late trade. The same Salesmen and Cutters from the Bowery Stores will be pleased to meet old customers, and I can assure them of receiving the same attention as formerly. Remember, my Spring Stock is now "Complete" in every detail, "Styles and Shades."

Would be pleased to have you inspect same before making your Spring purchase.

Very truly yours,

**NICOLL THE TAILOR,**  
771 Broadway, Cor. 9th St.

Open Evenings.

Suits to Order from \$20.

**EXTRA**  
**Lager Beer.**

**\$8 Net Per Bbl.**

**FOR SUMMER USE.**

BREWED BY THE  
**Burger & Hower Brewing Company**  
(LIMITED)  
**BROOKLYN.**

Orders will now be received up to May 1. None after that date.

This beer will be ready for delivery April 16 to customers.

**FRED HOWER, President.**  
Telephone Call, Williamsburg 221.

"Say! say!" called a Montcalm-street woman to a tramp who had just left her door with a piece of bread in his hand—"don't eat that! The girl says it is a piece we had lying around with 'rough on rats' on it!" "It's too late, madam," he replied, as he swallowed the last morsel: "I've had people try to play that trick on me before, to get their goods back, but it always fails. I prefer the stuff to butter, but don't say so, because I hate to put people to trouble."  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

**FREE OF CHARGE IF IT DOES NOT CURE.**  
Adamson's Cough Balsam at all drug stores. Owing to its perfect harmony in combination, it is the very best mixture for the speedy cure and relief of croup, colds, throat, or lung diseases. Large bottles, 35 cents. Trial size, 10 cents. Kinsman's Pharmacy, Corner 25th St. and 4th Ave.

**Angostura Bitters**, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**  
The Oldest and Best of All

**STOMACH BITTERS,**  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints.

**L. FUNK, JR.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

**DENTAL OFFICE OF**  
**Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess**  
NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.

**EDEN MUSEE.** 55 West 23rd Street.  
Munsci Lajos and Prince  
Paul Esterhazy's Orchestra. Daily two Grand Concerts. Admission, 50 cents; Sundays, 25 cents.

Mr. Joseph Keppler's celebrated water-color portrait of

**MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND,**

(from 10 color plates; the only portrait of Mrs. Cleveland which is drawn from life), 15 cents per copy, of all Newsdealers, and all third and fourth-class Postmasters, or by mail, on receipt of price, from

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,

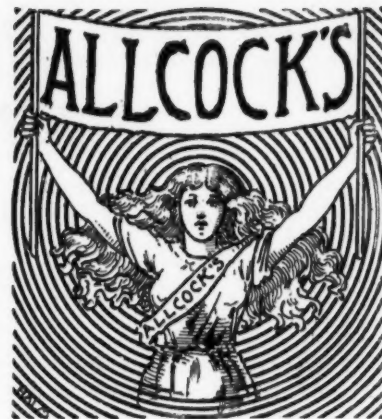
NEW YORK.

DR. HAMMOND says that "Syggignoscism is a condition of automatism, in which acts are performed without the conscious will of the subject." We always supposed that syggignoscism was that sort of thing. From the ragged edge and barbed wire appearance of the word many people no doubt thought it was something much more dreadful.—*Norr. Herald.*

EVEN if a traveler reaches the end of a railroad journey with a whole skin, he may be burned alive in the hotel he puts up at. The only safe way seems to be to sit down in the middle of a twenty acre lot.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A NEW Way to Serve Them. Countryman.—"Guess I'll try some of these here vegetable oysters." Waiter.—"Yes, sir." Countryman.—"And say, waiter, bring 'em in on the half shell."—*Tid Bits.*

It's a wise child that resembles its richest relative.—*Danville Breeze.*



ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have been in use for over twenty-five years. They have never failed to do all that is claimed for them, and can always be depended upon. Do not be deceived by misrepresentation.

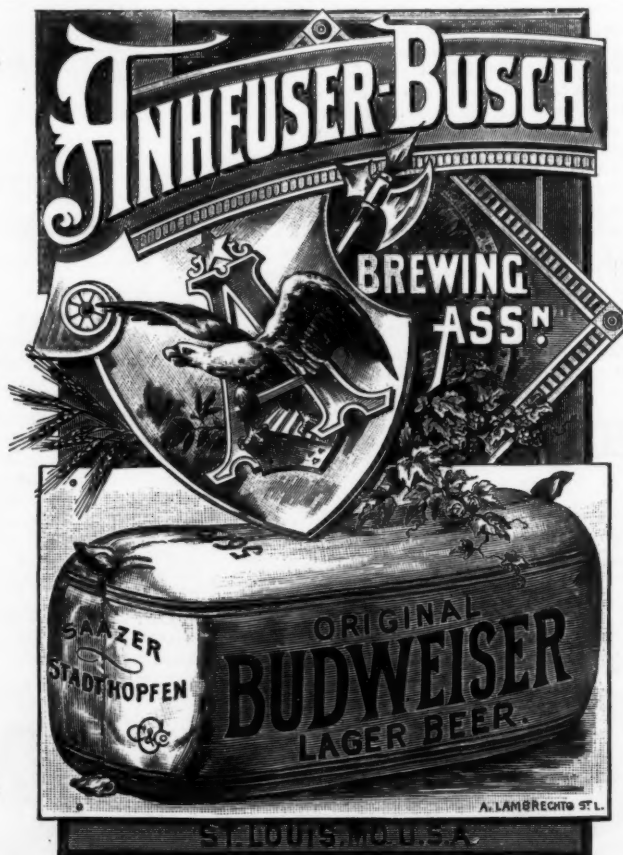
Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

**TELEGRAPHY** Is a first-class trade, and can be quickly learned at our school. 2,500 graduates at work. We will teach you thoroughly, and put you at work in either Commercial or Railroad Telegraphy. The Great West is the country to grow up in. Write for our circulars, VALENTINE BROS., JAMESVILLE, WIS.

**I CURE FITS!**

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst case. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 163 Fourth St., New York.

**Print Your Own Cards!**  
PRESS, \$5; Circular size press, \$8; Newspaper size, \$44. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 3 stamps for catalogue presses, type, cards, &c., to the factory.  
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.



**"THE FINEST BOTTLE-BEER IN THE MARKET."**

For Sale at all Agencies of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, and all first-class Hotels and Groceries.



'Tis but a little faded pass,  
But oh! how fondly dear,  
I thought it good till '88,  
I thought 't would be renewed next year.  
You must have saved some trifling thing,  
More prized, more prized than jewels rare,  
A little flower, a broken ring,  
A pass that saved your fare,  
A pass that saved your fare?

—Chicago Mail.

A FRIEND just returned from Canada says the song of "Yankee Boogie" is very popular over the border.—Buffalo Express.

#### A GENEROUS OFFER.

NO RISK, NO LOSS.  
Taylor's Catarrh Cure is sold under a guarantee that if purchaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten days' trial, the price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot, City Hall Pharmacy, 264 Broadway, New York. Send 3-cent stamp for pamphlet.

#### HIRES ROOT BEER

Makes Five Gallons of a delicious, sparkling temperance beverage. Strengthens and purifies the blood. Its purity and delicacy commend it to all. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.

#### THE NEW PERFECTED RUNABOUT.

The Original and Father of all Runabouts.



For four passengers. The best general Business Wagon now in use. Weighs 300 lbs.; capacity 800 lbs.; hangs very low; rides as easy as a buggy, and can be used for family or business purposes. Over 4,000 now in use, and giving the best satisfaction. Guaranteed to be first-class in every respect. Prices and Catalogue Free to those who mention this paper.

H. A. MOYER, Syracuse, N. Y.



#### BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE

ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY

#### SOZODONT.

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

#### Preserve

Our Patent-Covers for filing Puck preserve the papers perfectly; they are simple, strong and easily used—75 cents; by mail, in the United States, \$1.

Our Cloth-Covers for binding Puck secure uniformity in appearance of Volumes—75 cents; by mail, in the United States, \$1.

Address: THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, PUCK Building, N. Y.

## Remarkable Success!! DR. SCOTT'S GENUINE ELECTRIC BELTS

Probably never since the invention of Belts and Supporters has so large a demand been created as now exists for Dr. Scott's Electric Belt. Over seventeen thousand people in the city of New York alone are now wearing them daily. They are recommended by the most learned physicians in the treatment of all Male and Female Weakness, Nervous and General Debility, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Catarrh, Piles, Epilepsy, Pains in the Head, Hips, Back, or Limbs, Diseases of Spine, Kidneys, Liver and Heart, and Impaired Circulation.

There is no waiting a long time for results. Electro-magnetism acts quickly; generally the first week, more frequently the first day, and often even during the first hour they are worn their wonderful curative powers are felt.

The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation are stimulated and all the old-time health and good feeling come back. They

The following are representative Testimonials of the thousands who are receiving.

2121 Henrietta St., Phila.  
Dr. Scott: Your belt has cured me of rheumatism of and around the kidneys, which medicine had failed to help.  
W. H. UPJOHN.

Baltimore, Md.  
Intense nervous debility has been my trouble for years. Physicians and their medicines did not help me. I finally derived great relief from Dr. Scott's Electric Belt.  
L. H. MILLER,  
East Berlin, Penn.

Your Belt has cured me of Insomnia and nervousness, and has also had wonderful effect on Neuralgic affection of the chest.  
B. SELL.

Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets cure and prevent sickness, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, and \$3.  
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CHEST PROTECTOR, \$3.  
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSHES, \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$3.

10,000 agents wanted, quick sales, liberal pay, satisfaction guaranteed.

PRICE  
\$3 00

ON  
TRIAL



These Belts are for sale at drug stores, but if not in your immediate vicinity, send direct to Dr. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.

Each is stamped with the name Fall Hall Electric Ass'n of London.

are constructed on scientific principles, imparting an exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system.

The celebrated Dr. W. A. Hammond, of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made even in cases which would seem hopeless.

#### Price \$3 on Trial.

We will send either Gent's or Lady's Belt on trial, post-paid, on receipt of \$3, guaranteeing safe delivery. State size waist when ordering Lady's Belt. Remit by money order or draft at our risk, or currency in registered letter. Address: GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, Cor. 13th Street, New York. For sale at all drug stores. Take none but Dr. Scott's Genuine. See name in the box and belt. Always mention PUCK.

Call and examine our goods, Cor. Broadway and 13th St., over Star Theatre.

Robinson Bank, Robinson, Ill.  
The sixth Belt received, and is satisfactory. Their quick cures of rheumatism, liver and kidney troubles, and debility are wonderful. It gives me pleasure to recommend them to suffering friends.  
A. P. WOODWORTH, Cashier.

Peoria, Ill.  
I suffered from kidney, liver, and nervous troubles for twelve years. Dr. Scott's Electric Belt entirely cured me after all other remedies had failed. His Electric Hair Brush has cured my Neuralgia.  
C. W. HORNISH.

walked nine miles without resting. Your goods are thoroughly reliable.

ALBERT KRUG.

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ALBERT KRUG.

#### PROSPECT BREWERY,

Cor. Eleventh and Oxford Streets,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

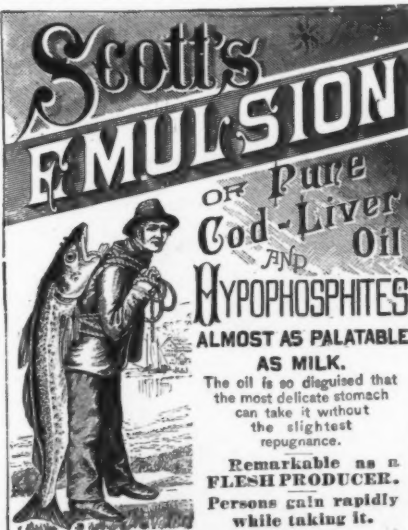
The highly Celebrated

#### BUDWEIS LAGER BEER

from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our

#### HERCULES MALT WINE

as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in existence.



Is acknowledged by numerous Physicians in the United States and many foreign countries to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class.

— FOR THE CURE OF —  
CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.

For Sale by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

#### Advice to the Aged.

When thou art old and rich,  
Thou hast neither heart, affection, limb or beauty  
To make thy riches pleasant.

It is surprising how few books have been written on the diseases incident to old age. No work would be more generally read by all classes than a "Treatise on the medical management of old age." There is no medicine that is more happily adapted to the alleviating of the pains and aches of the aged than Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills. They do not shock the most enfeebled constitution. In cases of kidney diseases, torpid bowels, indigestion, loss of appetite, their healing properties are wonderful. Their effect on the nervous system is prompt. The old and young will be alike benefited by the use of this valuable medicine.

#### Tutt's Liver Pills,

44 Murray St., N. Y.

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